

MILTIADES P. PAUL'S VANITY.

A STORY WITH A MORAL FOR BOTH YOUNG AND OLD.

Little Miltiades Peterkin Paul, He set out for the school-house one morning in fall. And he looked very fine, and he felt very vain. As with whistle and song he marched off down the lane; For you see, he'd put on for the first time to-day

His handsome new frock with its colors so gay. "Ah!" said he, "no one ever will guess, I am sure, His made of a shawl that my grandmother wore."

As little Miltiades passed by the stile, He met his two brothers, who could not but smile.

When they saw him approach with his gay-colored frock, As grand and as vain as the old turkey-cock. So they stopped him a moment, and John Henry Jack

Slyly wrote, in large letters, with chalk, on the back

Of little Miltiades Peterkin Paul: "His NEW FROCK WAS MADE FROM HIS GRAND-MOTHER'S SHAWL."

Farther on, young Miltiades Peterkin Paul Saw a little old gentleman perched on the wall.

Who hurriedly shouted: "Hi, hi! my fine fellow, That's a beautiful frock, sir—all red, green and yellow."

Pray, where did you get it?—O, now I perceive it. Is made of an old shawl—I'd scarcely believe it."

To which our young hero disdainfully replied: But he thought, "The old gentleman has a sharp eye."

Pretty soon, as Miltiades Peterkin Paul Reached the edge of the wood, he saw old Mother Moll;

"To be sure," said she, "Fine feathers do make fine birds. What a smart frock you have there!"—Then seeing the words

That were marked on his back, she cried shrilly: "Oh!"

It was made from your grandmother's shawl? I thought so!"

But this speech caused our hero, of course, no surprise. "All these witches," said he, hastening on, "have sharp eyes."

When little Miltiades Peterkin Paul Arrived at the school-house, his mates, one and all

Came crowding about him to see his new frock. But, ah! all at once they began, too, to mock;

And they jeeringly cried, "Well, before I would wear My grandmother's shawl for a frock, I'd go bare!"

And they laughed loud and long, till called in by the bell. "O, dear!" sighed Miltiades, "how could they tell?"

And then, as he passed to his seat, who should call But the master—"Miltiades Peterkin Paul, Come here, sir! What's that on your back that I saw?"

What? "Was made from your grandmother's shawl?" Why, dear me?"

But this time, after all his mates' jesting and jeers, Was too much for our hero. He burst into tears,

And ran out of the door without taking his hat. And I'm certain he never was vain after that. —John Brownjohn, in the Wide Awake.

THE OPPOSING FORCES.

An Intelligible Account of the Location and Probable Strength of the Russian and Turkish Armies—The Coming Struggle for Supremacy.

LONDON, June 3.—On the Danube the Russians have at last occupied the chief positions and their lines extend from Galatz to Kalafat. But a formidable river bars their way, and until the stream returns to its normal summer station it will be perilous if not physically impossible to take the army across. It is now hardly possible that the Russians can execute this great military operation for the next three weeks. They may come to close quarters with the Turkish armies about the beginning of July, so that the campaign will probably be prosecuted under the greatest heats of summer. The region of the Lower Danube is terribly unhealthy for strangers, so it may be presumed the Russians will endeavor to traverse, with all celerity, the more unhealthy districts. Those troops will fare worst which have to sit down before the fortress or guard the strong place in the chain of communication. The character and duration of the struggle in Bulgaria are subjects of much speculation, particularly in Germany and Austria, where every officer seems to have made his own particular study of the campaign. The general tenor of these criticisms is adverse to the Turks, not from any doubt that they will make a good fight and even inflict serious repulses on their enemy, but from prepossession that superiority in numbers, efficiency of organization and strategical ability are on the side of the Russians.

FORCES ON THE DANUBE.

There are 240,000 Russians in position on the Danube, without counting the Romanians or reserves that are being brought forward, who amount to

60,000 men. There are 80,000 men east of Ibrail, and 20,000, with considerable reserves, at Botgrad, which is the point of support for this part of the line. The strength and position of the works at Reni and Ibrail indicate that they are defensive and not offensive, the precaution being directed against an attack by the Turkish fleet and to prevent the passage of the river by the Turks at Ibrail. There are three batteries, one west of the town, sweeping the Danube, with four 12-pounders and two guns of larger caliber off the point formed by Matchin Channel, and two east of the town, raking the Matchin Channel, one of which is armed with four guns and four howitzers, and the other with eight pieces of still larger caliber and two mortars, from which projections are said to have reached Matchin. There is a fourth battery of lighter guns on the island opposite Matchin. From Ibrail up to the lines of Bucharest and Oltenitza, and Bucharest and Giurgevo, there are no troops, except a number requisite to guard against possible surprise; but between Bucharest and Giurgevo the concentration is on a larger scale. The forces are in three camps, each comprising 30,000 men, to which must be added another 10,000 at Giurgevo. Thus there are 100,000 men now concentrated on the Bucharest and Giurgevo line along the railway, who may be directed either against the line of Rustchuk and Turtakal or Rustchuk and Sistova. On the spot it is believed the latter will be chosen, and that the demonstration at Oltenitza is merely a feint. The second concentration is on both sides of the River Aluta. East of the river there are 60,000 men in two camps, both on the high road to Turna Magurdi. West of the Aluta there are four camps, representing about 80,000 men. This may be regarded as the center of the line. Farther west, on the line of the Kalafat and Turmseverin, the last accounts stated the number of Russians to be over 40,000.

THE TURKISH ARMY

on the Asiatic side appears to have been deplorably neglected. The troops are worse disciplined, worse equipped and provided than those on the Danube, but the nature of warfare in Asia to some degree makes up for deficiencies. The armies are less vital. The campaign will be one in which strategy will be of less and hard fighting of more importance. Even irregular troops may be able to do service in some positions which it is in the power of Mukhtar Pasha to defend.

EAST OF THE BLACK SEA.

The Russian right wing has advanced from Ardahan via Urat to Pennak, 15 miles north of Barbez. Of the center we have no reliable information, but it has been reported that they have taken both Dilimusa and Getschevan. According to another account these places are being attacked by a detachment while the main force is following the northern road over the Soghanlu range. At all events the right and center are well down towards the position from which an attack could be made on Mukhtar Pasha, but the left wing has not yet advanced far enough to participate in a combined movement. This delay is to a great extent in consequence of the difficulties of the country through which the left wing is marching. All supplies have to be drawn from Erivan from which place the only easy road leads through Persian territory, other routes being mountain passes. If the battle which is to decide

THE FATE OF ERZEROUH

is not fought until the Erivan column has forced the Turkish positions at Toprak Kaleh and is within supporting distance of other columns the progress is likely to be as heretofore very slow. It is not impossible, however, that the right and center with the aid of a force from Batoum operating on the Choruk River may attack Mukhtar Pasha from the direction of Alt and Soghanlu, provided Mukhtar waits to be attacked. The latest news of him via Constantinople represents that he was falling back from the Bardex and Erzeroum positions. It is to be remarked, however, that news from Constantinople, whether favorable or unfavorable to the Turks, is peculiarly untrustworthy. That we had last week announcing that the Russians had occupied Van and Olti was false and probably the result of a panic. The story of the recapture of Ardahan was probably the result of a blundering design on the part of the Government to appease the populace of Constantinople.

On the other hand, the war news made public by the Russian Government is generally of no importance whatever, being several days behind time.

Perilous Predicament of an Eight-Year-Old Boy.

STODDARTSVILLE, Pa., May 31.—A family of farmers by the name of Snyder live near the southeastern boundary of this county. There are other scattered families in the neighborhood. Half a mile or so from Snyder's place is an old farm formerly owned by one Jackman, who left it about 10 years ago. Since that time the buildings have become dilapidated and the grounds have grown up with brush. Near the old farm-house there is a well. The curb of this having gone to ruin long ago, it was covered up with boards to keep cattle from falling in, the deserted fields being common pasturage.

On Monday last, at about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, Frank, an 8-year-old son of Mr. Snyder, was sent out to the woods to hunt up some cows that had strayed away. The boy had not returned at dark. Then his parents became alarmed, and some neighbors were summoned to help hunt him up. For two hours they searched about in the woods. Nothing could be seen of him. At about 10 o'clock one of the searchers, while passing through the yard of the old farm-house, heard some one call faintly, "Papa, papa!" He stepped in the direction of the sound, and threw the light of his lantern in that direction. By its rays he saw the missing boy. He was lying almost on the edge of the old well, the covering of which was broken, revealing an opening about two feet square. He was raised to his feet, but being unable to stand was carried home. He was carefully treated by the overjoyed parents. For a long time he was unable to give any account of what had happened to him, but finally did, substantially as follows:

He had hunted about in the lots for the cows until 6 o'clock. On his way home he was passing through the old farmyard. He started a pheasant from a clump of bushes, and turned aside to see whether it had a nest there. He crept into the bushes, and instantly something gave way beneath him, and he was plunged up to his waist in water. He knew that he had fallen into the old well. After recovering from his terror he set about as calmly as possible to get out of his perilous situation. The only way was to climb up the sides of the wall, by the chinks between the stones. He made his way half way up the well in this way when his foothold gave way and he fell back to the bottom again. He then took off his shoes, and after resting, started up again. His progress, he says, was slow, and tedious—so slow that it had grown dark at the opening above, indicating that he had been in the well more than an hour. In trying to edge around a large stone that he met with and which offered no place to help him along, he lost his footing again, and again fell to the bottom. The boy says that if it had not been for his thoughts of home and the agony his parents would be in at his absence, he would not have had the nerve to attempt the ascent again. He did, however, after a long rest in the water, to the chink of which he had become accustomed. This time he succeeded in scaling the wall, and on drawing himself out at the opening above, fell fainting to the ground.

A Romantic Suicide.

BALTIMORE, May 27.—This afternoon Mrs. Duchoslav, wife of Jno. Duchoslav, a Bohemian, in the enjoyment of a prosperous business, requested him to accompany her to Baltimore Cemetery to adorn the grave of her former husband with flowers. He declined, and, as on previous occasions, appeared melancholy at her attentions to the memory of her former spouse. She went to the cemetery, however, strewed the grave with flowers, and spent several hours in the grounds. On returning she found the house closed. An entrance was forced, and the corpse of Duchoslav found hanging to a wardrobe. The body was warm when found, but efforts to restore animation failed. Mr. Duchoslav was 52 years old.

—The vacant chair of English Literature in the College of the City of New York has been offered to Mr. Richard Grant White, and it is believed he will accept.

The Torpedo.

Nearly every war makes some striking contribution to the science of death. Our own war impressed the shovel and the turreted iron-clad on the military and naval policies of the world. Prussia in 1866 demonstrated the power of the breech-loader, and the great war of 1870 contributed the mitrailleuse, the balloon, the carrier-pigeon, and other devices to the resources of combat. The present contest seems destined to give prominence to electricity and gun-cotton as combined in the naval torpedo. It has been assumed the bottoms of vessels were safe, while armor has been lavished on their sides till triple steel and oak seemed to defy any possible projectile. But what is a projectile hurled by gun-powder from a cylinder a mile off compared with the destructive force of dynamite, reacting against a solid wall of water in immediate contact with a vessel? Plainly, when the torpedo can be dispatched on its mission with the accuracy of a railway train, and can once be got to go off with the certainty of a revolver, ships of war will be completely at their mercy.

The Whitehead torpedo, with which the Russians are supplied, is a cigar-shaped projectile 12 feet long, shot from a cylinder under water and propelled by an interior machinery of compressed air. It is an Austrian-English invention, and an Austrian manufacture. It is apparently, however, in no way superior to some of the productions of the torpedo corps of the American Navy. The British iron-clads are being supplied with net-works or skirts of lattice to prevent a torpedo from striking their hulls, but one of these projectiles, weighing several hundred weight, must have a strong impinging force, and will not be likely to be detained by any crinoline which a vessel could wear and preserve the capacity of locomotion. Perhaps "she" will assert the privilege of her sex and raise her skirts when under way.

The destruction of a single vessel does not vindicate the torpedo, as the successful antagonist of the iron-clad, but we should not be surprised if subsequent developments do establish this claim. In the meantime, let us be thankful that as a nation we are not obliged to invest millions of dollars in either iron-clads or torpedoes, and content ourselves with watching the desperate game of war, without a shingle at stake. If war ever comes, we will meet it in the light of the experience of the world on the occasion of it.—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

Elephants Enjoying a Bath.

The proximity of the circus-grounds to the water enabled the elephants of Howe's London Circus to enjoy a bath. On Saturday and Sunday they were allowed to enter the water, morning and evening, a liberty which they regarded as a great luxury. Yesterday afternoon at 5 o'clock over 2,000 people had gathered to the Preston Bridge and the river banks to see the animals take their plunge. They were let out by their keeper, who has the most perfect control over them, and entered the water. They waded out till beyond their depth, and then swam quite across the Shetucket to the west bank. During the passage they seemed to have a very jolly time, shooting the water at each other from their trunks, and climbing upon each others' backs. They were reluctant to return, but at the call of their keeper, who led them in a boat, they returned to the shore in a docile way.—Norwich (Conn.) Bulletin.

TO KILL FLIES.—Take 1 ounce of cobalt, pound it and place it in plates with mixed spirits. The fumes will kill the flies if the room is kept closed. Afterward air the room. Another recipe is to beat up the yolk of an egg, with a tablespoonful each of molasses and black pepper finely ground. Set it about in shallow plates and the flies will be rapidly killed. One dram extract of quassia dissolved in a gill of water, sweetened with 4 a gill of molasses, will have the same effect, if set around in flat dishes, to which the flies have access. The quassia acts as a narcotic.

—If he is a Jew the Christians kill him. If he is a Christian, the Mohammedans slay him; and if he is a Mohammedan, the Greek Church people come over and chop him up into hash. —Chicago Journal.